

## Contributions

### WHY I LIKE THE EVANGELIST

G. W. RENCH

First, because it has no hobbies to ride. Much of our unsavory history is due to an attempt to commit the church to some hobby. Some years ago it was the Advent doctrine of "Soul Sleeping." Afterwards it was the Dowie doctrine of "Divine Healing." Then followed the wave of foreign missions "at once," as a result of the Dowieism. I suppose, that if a man has the Holy Ghost he can succeed as a missionary without either brains or money. The EVANGELIST held a steady course thru these waves and as a result her prow has ever been kept toward the harbor. No one can estimate the value to the church of her steady course.

Second, because it is loyal to our institutions. The college is succeeding in her various enterprises, but very much of this success is due to the many editorials that have prepared the hearts of the people to act when called upon to rally to its support. The endowment fund would not have been raised to half what it is without the constant agitation in the paper. The missionary interests of the church have been fostered by the same means. The brotherhood has been spurred up so many times when failure seemed to be across our pathway.

Third, because it is dignified. I am not ashamed to hand a copy to any of my neighbors. It is clean from cover to cover. The children can read it without being tainted. If the whole church within the next two months could take on the same atmosphere as pervades the paper we would not need wait until next winter to hear of great revivals.

Fourth, because it does not give sin any quarter. It tells us that the abominable saloon is a shame—a burning shame—on our fair escutcheon, and the people upholding it makes it none the less so. Nonsense in the churches is called by its right name. In fact, I really believe the devil hates the EVANGELIST with all his soul, and for this one reason every family in the church should take it. Then see what you would miss in a year by not seeing what I write. Why this thought alone is enough to wring unbidden a tear from any eye.

Goshen, Ind., Jan. 7, 1902.

### TRIP TO EUROPE—No. 4

J. M. TOMBAUGH

There are today in our own country so many Irish born Americans, and so many other native born citizens of Irish extraction, that it would seem useless for one to go to Ireland to study the characteristics of this liberty-loving and virile people. A talk with the policeman, or a day with the section hands, or an evening at an Irish wake would give, it would seem, sufficient insight into Irish customs and Irish character. No doubt the Irish immigrant brings with him

to this country many of the ideas and customs, and something of the atmosphere of his old home life, yet after all, an Irishman is at his best, he is his real self, only on his own native sod. There is a difference between the Killarney Irishman and the Chicago Irishman. As nearly as I can put it into words the difference is this: At home he is unconventional—true he doesn't trouble himself much about conventionalities here—but I mean he is more truly a child of nature at home than he is here after he has been transplanted. On his native heath he is simply a big boy; often lazy and quick tempered and improvident, but big hearted and impulsive and pleasure loving and above all, intensely religious. In this country he is more worldly-wise. He feels that he has been thrown upon his own resources, and he is less a child and more a man. The change, so far as I have been able to observe it, has not been, in every sense, an improvement. His material prosperity has been advanced immeasurably by his coming here, but the rustic simplicity, the almost Arcadian untutoredness of his old home life is gone.

One day as we were driving thru the country in County Kerry, we stopped at a thatched covered cottage and were very hospitably invited to come in. The floor was of stone, like a pavement; not very smooth nor very nicely joined together. The roof, as we could see from the inside—there was no ceiling—was made of sod and only covered outside with a thatch of straw. A fire of turf was burning in the fire-place, and on one side of the room was a chicken coop with chickens in it, and just overhead, on a beam, was hanging a goat skin of which the family goat had very evidently but recently been deprived. The house was no worse, probably not as bad, as many another one in that part of the country. The cow, in many Irish homes, has access to the house with the family just like the pig, only she can't sleep under the bed as the pig can.

But what is the character of the people who live so primitive a life and whose surroundings are so coarse and mean? In a word I can answer: these people, unlike many who imagine themselves a thousand times better, wear their jewels *inside*. They possess, many of them, qualities of heart and soul worthy of all admiration and praise. Nowhere in all the world can be found a stricter standard of virtue than among these people, and no people so nearly live up to their high standard. But this is by no means their only excellent quality; they possess to an eminent degree many other traits that are admirable. The woman whose poor, mean house I have described, told me that she had lived in America, in or near Boston, and that she loved this country. When I expressed surprise that she had returned to Ireland when she loved America so much better, she said simply, as tho I must see that the reason she was giving was conclusive, and that no other course than the one she had taken would have been possible under

the circumstances, "My father is old and needs me, and I came back to take care of him while he lives." The costliness of the sacrifice she had made could not be appreciated unless one had seen the hovel to which she had come back.

The Irishman's convivial nature makes him peculiarly liable to over indulgence in drink, and at home, intemperance is his chief besetting sin. "Porter and politics," some one said, "are at the bottom of all the Irishman's troubles." We are fortunate in this country that there is a more or less healthy public sentiment which puts the stamp of its disapproval upon the man who frequents saloons, or drinks even moderately. In this country a clergyman, or a church member, or a professional man, or a reputable citizen would instantly lose standing if he were seen in a saloon drinking at the bar. Public sentiment is not shocked at such a sight either in Great Britain or on the continent of Europe; on the contrary it is the total abstainer who finds public sentiment against him. He is looked upon as something of a freak, and is considered eccentric or worse.

A young minister—a Protestant—filled the appointments in a church in Ireland one Sunday when the regular pastor was absent, and was taken to the home of a prominent member of the congregation to be lodged and entertained. The old gentleman produced bottles and glasses, remarking to the young preacher, "You have had a heavy day's work today, you must take some refreshments." The young man declined the wine very emphatically, saying: "I never touch wine; I drink nothing intoxicating, I am a total abstainer." His host was anything but pleased by his vehement refusal, but concealing his displeasure as best he could, he handed the young man a box of cigars and said, "Well, if you won't drink, take a cigar anyway." The preacher refused the proffered smoke with as much positiveness as he had refused the drink, explaining that he had never used tobacco in any form. This was too much for the old man's equanimity. He glared at the young preacher and in a tone which he did not even try to make polite, he said: "Young man, do you eat grass?" The preacher of course disclaimed being so pronounced a vegetarian as a diet like that would imply, and told his host that he did not eat grass. Then in a solemn and crushing way the old gentleman said: "Young man, you do not drink nor smoke nor eat grass; you are fit company for neither man nor beast." I am thankful that views such as the old man held, do not obtain at all in this country.

I found, in spite of many faults, much to admire in the Irish character. Especially do I love the Irish children. They are so jolly and good natured and self reliant and seem so capable of taking care of themselves. I did not hear one of them speak a saucy or disrespectful word to one of us, or indeed to anybody during the whole time we were